

SERIES I.

NO. VII.

A PRETTY
PICTURE BOOK.



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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES



Those little girls are listening to their mother, who is sitting in the chair, and reading to them. I dare say they are very happy to hear her, and I am sure she is much pleased to have them. I hope you will do the same, if your mother should read to you.



Ah! little chicken, do not run away from your kind mother, for you are not able to take care of yourself. There is puss, sitting at the barn-door, and she looks as if she would like to have you for her supper; and there is a kite flying over your head, ready to take you up, and fly away with you. Little chickens, and little children, too, are safest with their parents. Our Saviour also said something about this. See *Matthew, xxiii.*



Father. Can you work in the garden, William?

William. O, yes, papa; I can dig very nicely, and sow, and plant.

James. And I can pull up weeds.

Father. Very well, my dears, do so; and, remember that there are a great many things, the knowledge of which must be planted in your minds, and many idle ways, and naughty tempers, which must be pulled up and rooted out.



Lord, teach a little child to pray;
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have stray'd;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy mercy's aid.



How quiet that cow stands to be milked: how kind it is of God to make these pretty cows, that they may find us food! When I take my milk, I will think of the great God who is so good to us little children. In some parts of the world the cows are so wild that, instead of standing still to be milked, they attack and hurt any body that comes near them.

We are not naturally inclined to be gentle and kind, but only as God is pleased to make us so.



The clock has struck, I cannot stay ;
Oh ! let me rise and haste away ;
I'll take my books, and leave my home ;
The hour of school at length is come.

I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favour of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.



'Think, and be careful what thou art
within,

For there is sin in the desire of sin:

Think, and be thankful in a different
case,

For there is grace in the desire of grace.



The Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land ;
It shows how a sinner's redeem'd
And brought to Jehovah's right hand.

With pleasure, we freely confess,
The Bible all books does outshine ;
Here Jesus, his person, and grace,
Appear in a lustre divine.



Fierce passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea,
 But calm content, and peace we find,
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.

If, at his feet, our souls have sat,
 His gracious words to hear,
 Contented with our present state,
 We cast on him our care.



See, how the winter's bitter cold
Has stripp'd the trees and froze the
ground;
But spring this scene will quickly change,
And spread new beauties all around.

Our souls a sharper winter feel;
Barren and fruitless we shall prove,
Till Christ, the sun of life, shall rise;
'Tis his the frozen heart to move.



Jesus, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide ;
Make my heart a garden fair,
That I pleasing fruit may bear.

Let thy grace, while here below,
Water me, that I may grow ;
When all grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.



When Jesus, our Saviour, was born, he was laid in a manger, and was visited by shepherds, who had been informed by angels from heaven of his birth. Whenever I think of this, may I reflect how much he humbled himself, and how much suffering he endured, to save poor sinners like myself.



The grass, and flowers, which deck the
field,
And look so green and gay;
Touch'd by the scythe, at once they
yield,
And fall, and fade away.

Like grass, we all of us must die ;
But die to live again ;
Beware, lest death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.



The mercies, Lord, thou dost bestow,
Can refresh, and cheer us, too ;
But nothing here can please the heart
Unless thou our Saviour art.

